



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE YOUNG QUEEN.

The publication of recent memoirs has directed attention anew to the early and private life of Queen Victoria. From them all it is evident that she was brought up with the strictest economy and regularity, as children of much lower position rarely are, and was taught at an early age to restrain her expenditure within the limits of her income, even when that income was but a child's pocket-money. Miss Martineau gives us, in her sketch of the Duchess of Kent, an anecdote current at the time, which illustrates the carefulness of the training better than it does the abstract statement which precedes it, that the Princess "was reared in as much honesty and care about money matters as any citizen's child." Very few citizens' children, we believe, ever were or could be so rigidly guarded from the extra shilling of expenditure. "It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at the bazaar because she had spent her money. At this bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box priced half a crown which would suit him. The shop people of course placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, 'No; you see the Princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she can not buy the box.' This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased; and the answer was, 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that.' On quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase."

A much prettier story, and one of the authenticity of which there can be no doubt, gives a description of the way in which her future rank was revealed to her. No one had been allowed, as is mentioned above, to breathe a word of this in the child's ear. But events now began to happen which changed her position to a certain extent. King George IV. died, which brought the Princess a step nearer to the throne, and there was no longer any reasonable prospect that King William could have children to succeed him. Thus the child of Kensington Palace became beyond all doubt the next in succession. And she herself was only twelve and her nearest English relative was not of a character to re-assure her friends. In these circumstances a bill was brought into

Parliament to make the Duchess of Kent Regent in case her daughter should be called upon to ascend the throne before she came of age. When these public precautions were taken, it was thought necessary to inform the little girl herself of her true position—that she was not merely one of a band of Princes and Princesses, the younger members of the family, but the first among them, the future head of the race. She was in the midst of her daily lessons—somewhat surprised, it would seem, at the grave work required from her, which was not expected from the other Princesses—when this great

gial table into the historical book. When Mr. Darys [the Queen's instructor, after the Bishop of Peterborough] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again as usual, and seeing the additional paper said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the fore-

enter upon the duties of Queen, for which she had been so carefully trained and which she has since held with so much honor.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of His special care, than anything else I possess."

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks which, in sun or rain or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the wood to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms."

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust Him for ever.—British Workmen."



QUEEN VICTORIA.

intimation was made to her. The story is told in a letter from her governess, the Baroness Selwyn, to the Queen, written in 1854, and apparently recalling to her the incidents of her youth:

"I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty's when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealo-

finger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it but I understand all better now.' and the little Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.'"

Six years after this, when Victoria was eighteen years old, she was called upon to



Temperance Department.

WHAT COMES OF IT.

Young man, if you wish to make yourself obnoxious to a large proportion of the genteel, and to a still larger proportion of the sensible people; if you want to contract a habit that makes necessary separate accommodations for you in cars or on boats, where your offence may not smell in the nostrils of respectable people; which makes them drop out of the atmosphere of your smoke-stack, or swing around the mephitic pools you leave at intervals in your wake—a habit which turns you out of the parlor and drawing-room into the club-house, bar-room, or into the streets—from the society of refined ladies into a lower order of social intercourse; which fills your system with a poison so offensive that the breath you exhale, and the insensible perspiration you cast off, vitiates the air for rods about you, and makes you a walking nuisance from which delicate nostrils turn away in disgust—then begin early the use of tobacco.

The young patron of the cigarette may not realize this, but the reality will come when the subtle influence of habit has degenerated, as most certainly it must, into a slavish bondage from which there is little hope of release.

It is a habit which (in common with alcohol) has its regular and inevitably retrograding scale, from the highly perfumed cigarette to the foul-fumed, loathsome old pipe; from the pink flush of health with its fresh aura, down through the various stages of selfish habit and conduct, to the brown, withered, decrepid, prematurely old man with his pipe and tobacco-pouch (unless nature, unable to longer tolerate the abomination, arrest the course by paralysis of the heart).

Do you want to proclaim your love with words steeped in the essence of tobacco? Do you want to take to the altar a habit which will impose upon your wife the burden of its filthy surroundings—make your presence a repugnance, and perpetual reproach for her sacrifice? Will you live in a habit that will eat away your substance while the little family growing up about you plead in vain for better subsistence—that will make you hug your own appetites while those depending upon you are neglected? Then begin early to smoke and chew tobacco, for this almost of necessity follows its use. But if you could not make a wife of one who had formed this habit, then have the pride and manhood to offer your heart and companionship untainted by this vile insult to health and decency, that she may not have to accept your proffer under a painful protest from her whole delicate nature. If you would not have this great cancer worm fasten itself upon the lives of your children, don't invite it by your example; don't stamp it into their organic appetites by steeping your own body in the distilled juices of this defiling and paralyzing poison.—*Exchange.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF GIN.

"The best drop o' gin as I knows on," said Mike Mardle, "is to be had at 'The Old Ship.' It's downright real good stuff, that."

Mike Mardle was a great authority on gin and drink generally, having devoted several valuable years of his life to studying the qualities of alcohol, and experiencing its effects. His whole talk was of drink—he loved nothing else half so well, and, as he said, "lived a'most on it," if such an existence as his then was could be called living.

Had he not possessed a constitution of iron, he must have died years before he uttered the declaration to be found above, for of all the votaries of drink in the workshop of Messrs. Rudd and Storman, of Deptford, builders, none were so fervent and persistent as he. A good workman when sober, he had managed to get employment off and on with the same firm for many years, until he was one of the best-known men in the place. Mike was, indeed, quite a "character."

It was considered great "fun" to be in

his company when he was "half on," which means tolerably drunk; for then he had plenty of jokes of a sort to utter, and was given to indulging in antics that would have been just as well appreciated in Bedlam as they were in the bar of a public-house. The apprentices, thoughtless young fellows as they were, would go and have "a glass" just to see old Mike—as he was called, although he was very little over thirty—make a fool of himself. It was a pity that none of them ever thought that Mike had once been like them—young, strong, and healthy, and had worn good clothes like theirs; and that drink had made him what he was—a shabby, dissolute man, with a wretched wife and wailing children, who shed tears and moaned for bread while he cut drunken capers where the best drop of gin could be obtained.

Bad was the best gin for this poor fellow, as he must have known it in the morning when lying upon his bed, racked with pain and tormented with the drunkard's thirst; but he clung to the source of his torment, and was fond of declaring that the best drop of gin could be had at "The Old Ship," his favorite "house."

He had just taken his money for two days' work in the week, and was counting it over in his hand, when he gave out this announcement. A dozen men or so were standing near him—some bent, as he was, on having an afternoon in the public-house, others more wisely resolved upon hastening to their homes to spend their leisure hours with those who were near and dear to them.

Among the latter was one Dan Lowrie—no great favorite in the shop just then, for he was a quiet man, seldom joining in the "larking" and horseplay which sometimes was indulged in there, and never by any chance drinking with any one. Occasionally when he spoke he urged the cause of sobriety, but whenever he did so in the presence of Mike he only brought upon himself the feeble battery of the drunkard's wit, which was far more popular than any lecture on temperance could possibly be among men imbued with the ordinary ideas upon the merits and demerits of drink, and the advantages and disadvantages to be derived from it.

Now as Mike spoke, he turned, and in his usual quiet way said—"So that's the best gin you know of, is it?"

"Yes," replied Mike, "and you don't know of any better. Besides, you don't drink it."

"I drink gin, of a sort, every day," replied Dan, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, "and I always feel better for it."

"What a hypocrite you must be, then?" said Mike.

"Perhaps I am; but what do you give a quarter for yours, Mike?"

"Fivepence; real 'old Tom' it is, too."

"I," said Dan, shouldering his basket, "get mine for nothing."

"Oh, come," said Mike, "that won't do."

"I give you my word," replied Dan, "that if you will come with me this afternoon, I will give you some gin, of a good sort, for nothing."

"I don't want to be taken in," said Mike; "but if it is as you say, why, then I'm ready for any amount of it."

"Can't you take any more of us?" asked two or three of the men.

"Not to-day," replied Dan; "but Mike shall give you his opinion upon it on Monday, and if he says it's good you will believe him."

"Yes, and try a little of it ourselves," said one.

"That's all right," said Dan; "and now, Mike, if you come home with me for a few minutes, I'll have a bit of a brush up and we will start."

"Brushing up," said Mike, "is a waste of time; but it was always a weakness of yours to come out a bit of a swell on Saturday."

Leaving their wondering companions, Mike and Dan went to the house of the latter—a neat little dwelling, with a neat little wife, and three pretty little children, who all rushed out to greet their father with a shout and a joyous hug. Mike, as he gazed at this spectacle, thought of his own little ones, and a big lump rose in his throat; but he put aside the emotion, and spoke to Mrs. Lowrie, who coldly gave him good day.

"Come in, Mike," said Dan, "and have a bit of food before we start."

"I don't think I can eat anything," replied Mike.

"Oh, you come and try Annie's pea-soup. By the way, Annie, I can't go marketing with you to-day."

"Not go marketing with me!" said his wife. And upon her and the children there fell a general depression.

"No," said Dan; "I am going to show Mike where to get the best and cheapest sort of gin."

Horror was now visibly depicted upon the face of his wife; but Dan, taking her arm, led her into the little parlor.

"Go into the kitchen with the children, Mike," he said. "I'll join you directly."

When he and his wife came into the kitchen, Annie appeared to be quite reconciled to her husband going out in search of that remarkably cheap gin, and with a beaming face put the soup upon the table. It smelt so good that Mike felt an appetite which had long been strange to him, and ate a plateful with exceeding relish.

"I wish my wife made soup like this," he said. Then he paused, and blushed scarlet, remembering that good soup costs money, and how little of it he ever took home. Both Dan and Annie marked and understood the guilty blush, but of course said nothing just then.

The meal over, Dan changed his coat, kissed his wife and children, and started off with Mike, who, not having had any strong drink with his host, was anxious to have a drop.

"I'll just have two of gin, cold, at 'The Old Ship,' as we pass," he said; "then we can go on and get your stuff."

"No," said Dan; "if you take the gin you have been drinking, you will spoil that I am going to give you. Remember it is to be had for nothing."

"But only two penn'orth," urged Mike.

"No," said Dan, taking his arm, "I can't let you have it—indeed, I can't. Save your money, and come and drink my gin."

Mike passed "The Old Ship" sorely against his will; but his companion was firm, and got him by that and several other public-houses, and led him up the hill to Blackheath at the top, and then paused to give Mike, who was rather blown, time to regain his breath.

"Ah!" said Mike, "it's fresh here—quite invigorating; but where are you going to?"

"Across the heath," replied Dan.

"But that's a terrible long way," said Mike, doubtfully.

"Gin for nothing!" said Dan. "Don't forget."

"No, I don't," replied Mike. "Well, it's worth going after."

"So you will find," returned Dan.

Across the heath they went, with the fresh air blowing in their faces, and making even Mike look quite five years younger, while Dan was literally glowing with health. A long walk it was to Mike, but he held on, resolved to make amends by enjoying the very cheap gin—when he got it.

At the far end of the heath Dan paused, and sat down upon a seat. "Rest, Mike," he said; "it will do you good."

"I am tired a bit," said Mike, "for I've walked further than I've done for years. Yet I feel pretty well. Where's the gin-shop, though?"

"Come on," said Dan, rising; "now we go off to the left."

"But isn't that going back?" asked Mike.

"In a way it is; but don't ask any more questions. I promise you that you shall have your gin."

Dan was renowned in the shop as a man of his word, and Mike said no more. Round the heath they went, talking of all sorts of matters interesting to themselves for the best part of an hour, and then they came again to the hill by which they had ascended.

"By the time we get home," said Dan, "we shall have been away a good three hours, and Annie will be getting anxious. Come home and have some tea with us."

"But about that gin," said Mike, testily. He was getting impatient over what he could not help thinking was a most unreasonable delay.

"Why, man," said Dan, "you've had it!"

"I!" returned Mike. "Why, I haven't touched a drop since I left the shop at one o'clock!"

"Oh yes, you have," returned Dan. "You've been drinking a lot of the best gin going, and you are all the better for it."

Mike looked both angry and puzzled. He felt he had been the victim of some joke, and could not understand it a bit.

"I always thought, Dan, that you were a man of your word," he said.

"So I am," replied Dan. "I promised you the best and cheapest gin, and you've had lots of it—oxy-gin—(oxygen) pure air, you know. Now Mike, don't look angry."

"Oh, but I never fancied you were given to joking," said Mike.

"No more I am," replied Dan, "unless it is for a purpose. You have had a hundred little jokes at my expense, and this is the only one I ever had at yours. Air, you know, Mike, is composed principally of hydrogen and oxygen, and the last is the life-giving part of it. You have been drinking new life to-day, and you look the better for it."

"I feel better," replied Mike, "but—"

"You don't like the idea of being victimized by me," said Dan. "Now, Mike, be candid. Do they never play jokes upon you at 'The Old Ship'?"

"Oh, plenty," said Mike; "and some of 'em are uncommon rough, I can tell you. More than once they've set fire to the tail of my coat, and I've had my face painted, when I've fallen asleep, a dozen times."

"And which do you think is the best class of joke," asked Dan—"theirs or mine? Are you not better than you would have been at 'The Old Ship'? Do you not feel better, and have you not saved your money for your wife and children?"

"There was not much to save," said Mike; "I made a bad week."

"Your next will be better," said Dan, "if you stick to the right sort of gin."

"So I will," said Mike, suddenly clenching his hands together. "You are right; the gin of 'The Old Ship,' they say, is poison, and that I've taken this afternoon is new life."

"Come on, Mike," said Dan; "I see my joke—if joke, indeed, it was—has answered. Come home and have a cup of tea, and then go and fetch your wife, and we will all go to the market together. I told Annie my little scheme, and she is waiting for us. How glad she will be to hear of its success!"

And great was the rejoicing when they went back, and great the bewilderment of Mrs. Mardle when her husband came home sober, and great the flurry she fell into when she learnt she was going to market like Mrs. Lowrie, the neighbor she had so often envied.

It was a pleasant evening—the forerunner of happier times than the Mardles had hitherto known together. Mike gave up gin at fivepence a quarter, and all the blessings which followed upon that step have become legendary in the shop of Messrs. Rudd and Storman, where Mike Mardle still works, a sober, honest, thoughtful, and religious man, with one friend at least in the world, whom he holds to his heart and loves as a brother. And the name of that friend is Dan Lowrie.—*E. H. R., in British Workman.*

RUINED BY HIS FATHER.

William E. Dodge, the New York merchant and philanthropist, not long ago related the following:

A prominent New York merchant, originally an Englishman, never sat down to table without his wine and brandy, and his three sons, in consequence, all grew up drunkards. One became so abandoned that his father cast him out of the house. At last some temperance people brought about his reformation, and he went to see his father on New Year's day. The old gentleman said:

"My son, I'm delighted to see you again. I'm glad you've reformed."

Thoughtlessly he said, "Let's drink to your better life one glass of sherry."

The young man hesitated a moment, and then thought he would just drink one glass. The old appetite revived, and that night his father found him dead drunk in his stable.—*Exchange.*

THE VERMONT Chronicle is interested in the temperance question:—"The quickest and surest way to arrest the ruin of rum and tobacco is for each one who now uses them to quit their use and abstain from them. Next persuade his neighbor to do so. To wait for temperance societies, prohibitory law, and church or state to abate these evils, is to wait till many are destroyed."

WHOEVER KEEPS a bottle of brandy or whiskey in the cupboard for daily use keeps an evil spirit in the house which will be a source of temptation and trouble.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE PRESERVATION OF HEARING.

Certain diseases of childhood very frequently affect the ears; such are scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, whooping-cough, and mumps. During the attacks of these diseases, and even when convalescence has been established, although ear ache may be absent, occasional examinations of the ears should be made, in order that, if affected, they may receive early attention. Deafness is usually an early symptom of most aural affections; but, on the contrary, in some instances very considerable impairment of the drum cavity and its contained mechanism exists without any perceptible impairment of hearing.

It is believed that a very small percentage of the adult population possess normal hearing. Respecting these neglected youths, it is found that their aural defects are usually unheeded until school instruction is commenced; in fact, in many instances even the pupil himself is unaware of his disability.

The school management of these partly deaf people is an important question in their education. Teachers, as a rule, do not classify these pupils when seating them in the school-room—a neglect which it would be greatly to their advantage, as well as the scholar's, to rectify by an examination previous to commencing their instruction. Those hearing badly can be instructed with greater ease if seated near the teacher's desk, while the non-observance of a system of classification places such at a disadvantage, and renders them a hindrance to others.

In this connection it may be remarked that great injustice not unfrequently is practised toward pupils who have, notwithstanding their defect, become well prepared for promotion; their examination being conducted in haste, and perhaps also with impatience, the teacher's questions are frequently not understood, and they therefore fail to receive credit for what they have learned. Children are, I have reason to believe, often put back from this cause. When the teacher himself is afflicted with deafness, as is often the case, the neglect in instruction is still more serious—a fact to which parents and those who appoint teachers should have their attention directed. The discouraging surroundings of these children are many; for, in addition to the disheartenment at school, many of them receive unkind treatment from their companions and at home; it is therefore but natural that such influences should create distrust in the mind of the child, and develop a deceitful and vicious character. They lose confidence, are reluctant to communicate with others, and are therefore classified as "stupid."

From observations extending over a considerable period of time the writer has found that in our public schools many pupils so deaf as to hear shouting only are permitted to continue their attendance indefinitely—an evil that could be easily remedied by a proper examination of the pupils' hearing at the time of their admission. In private educational establishments, however, such preliminary examinations are not always reliable, for the interests of the proprietor may require that the number of scholars be not from any cause lessened. Parents under these circumstances are permitted to send partially deaf children to school, and when it is ascertained that they have made but little or no progress, and that their lives have been rendered unhappy by the jeers and neglect of playmates, the teacher meets the parent's enquiries by the statement that the pupil is dull or defective. It may now be ascertained that the pupil has been deaf—perhaps the deafness has grown on him while under the teacher's eye—but the knowledge is gained too late, in many instances, to be of much avail. Parents should, therefore, attend to so simple a matter as the frequent examination of their children at home.

A pernicious home and school hygiene favors the occurrence of diseases which are liable to be attended with prominent aural complications. Thus the living in overheated apartments during the cold season (the temperature greatly exceeding the healthy limit of 65° to 70° Fahrenheit) develops a sensitiveness of the system, and therefore predisposes to attacks of catarrh. An excess of clothing is no less obnoxious than the foregoing, furs being especially dangerous in our changeable climate, as they are liable to be worn about the chest and neck, in

moderate weather, overheating the body, and thus increasing the liability to colds.

Children who are brought up under such unfavorable circumstances are deprived of their natural powers of endurance, and are unable to resist even slight changes in temperature.

The outings of such children are only of occasional occurrence, owing to their liability to contract colds—a result which may confidently be expected when careless attendants expose such sensitive persons to cold seats or draughts, and one can scarcely fail to meet examples of children so treated in any of our parks or thoroughfares. Adults, it may be remarked, are not exempt from the consequences of exposure when the laws of health are in this manner violated.

Those who live in rural habitations, with open fires and free ventilation, who wear such clothing as an active out-door life requires, and who, in youth, often are barefooted the greater part of the year, can be studied with advantage by the denizen of over-heated city houses of the present day. These hardy people are said to suffer less from colds than those who are considered to be by fortune more favored.

There are many individuals of a sensitive organization who may not with impunity allow a draught of air to blow strongly into their ears; such persons are compelled to exercise unusual care when exposed to the strong air of the sea, especially when they have a very free opening to the ears. Children are often affected by these sea-side exposures, which, when slight, are overlooked; later on, however, their ears may be found sensitive to the touch, and, when examined, the results of the slight inflammation will be found.

Boxing the ears would be considered among the obsolete customs of the past, were we not occasionally reminded of the continuance of the practice by meeting with injuries of the tympanic membrane from this cause. Sometimes the shock given to the ear is the cause of permanent deafness to a greater or less degree, and sometimes vertigo is liable to be established. There are a few well authenticated instances of death having occurred from this barbarous custom.

Discharges from the ears indicate the continuance of an unhealthy process, which is nearly always situated in the drum cavity; and, owing in part to the thinness of the partition that separates this cavity from deeper and more vital parts, it is not an infrequent result to meet with a fatal termination from neglect in arresting the disease. Under no circumstances, therefore, should a discharge be neglected, for, in addition to the danger incurred by neglect, it is well known that when permitted to become chronic, greater difficulty is experienced in its cure.

Intemperance in the use of beverages into which alcohol enters as a constituent disturbs the normal balance of the nervous and circulatory systems, and observations plainly show that this state favors the occurrence of aural disease.

The frequency of attacks of aural inflammation from bathing demands more than a mere mention, for complete deafness may result from the injuries to the ear from this cause, and partial impairment is frequent.

These injuries from bathing are mainly due to the fact that man is not afforded the protection to the ear which amphibious animals possess, and hence the water may act injuriously in various ways. In surf bathing the mere force of contact, when the water flows into the ear, may injure the tympanic membrane, and when an incoming wave dashes against the face, water may freely enter the mouth or nose, and thus be driven into the ears through the Eustachian tubes. The presence of cold water for a long time in the canal leading to the ear, as when much diving is done, may set up inflammation in the canal or in the tympanic membrane, which may extend to the drum cavity itself. Ill effects may be produced by allowing the ears, head, and body to dry in a current of air after coming out of the water. Sea water is probably more obnoxious than fresh, on account of its comparatively low temperature, and the large quantity of salt it holds in solution. A long continuance in the water should be avoided. The Russian bath should not be taken without protecting the ears when the cold plunge is used. Diving is, however, the most dangerous practice connected with bathing, for it is difficult to keep water from entering the ears, or nose and mouth. In diving, the

pressure of water on the tympanic membrane from without may cause vertigo. Even syringing the ears gently is known in some instances to occasion decided dizziness. Should vertigo come on while the diver is beyond the reach of those who could render succor, there would be danger of his drowning.

Diseases of the teeth, through their nervous relationship with the ears, frequently cause disturbances that lead to deafness.

The permanent teeth are subject to decay at a much earlier period than is generally supposed; sometimes they decay as early as the sixth year, and this process is liable to recur while any teeth remain in the jaws. The neuralgia that arises from inflamed teeth is often felt in the ears, and indeed it seldom fails to do some harm in that direction.

In the endeavor to preserve the teeth it must be borne in mind that unskilful dentistry may not relieve the patient, but, on the contrary, harm may arise from incompetent work; thus cavities may not be properly prepared before they are filled, or deleterious substances may be inserted into them, such as amalgam. Unhealthful dental plates, especially those made of vulcanite, which contains vermilion—a form of mercury—are to be avoided. If plates fit the mouth badly, they are harmful.

Throat troubles act much in the same way as diseased teeth, and affections of the mouth and throat are usually urged into greater activity by catarrhal attacks. When the wisdom teeth, which are cut about the seventeenth year, are delayed in their appearance, they very often give rise to irritation of the ears.

The ear is liable to injury from loud sounds, such as discharges of artillery, blowing of high-pitched steam-whistles, and the like.

The nasal douche, of late almost adopted as an article of domestic furniture, has been the means of injuring a great many ears from the entrance into the drum, per the Eustachian tube, of the fluids used.

Noises in the head are pretty constantly experienced in all affections of the ear. The lives of old people are often made wretched by these strange and alarming phenomena; in some instances the sufferer is even demented. This is not strange, for the simple-minded have no conception of the origin of these noises, and regard them as forebodings of evil. In some instances persons in the prime of life can not endure the wearing distress which deprives them of rest at night, and occupies all their thoughts by day; such individuals have sought relief in suicide, or have become insane. In instances where, in addition to noises in the head, the patient experiences the autophony before alluded to, the distress is increased. Those who are competent to explain these phenomena can often convince the sufferer of their harmless nature, and teach him to endure what would otherwise be intolerable.

Emergencies will arise when competent aid can not be obtained for the relief of painful affections of the ear, or the removal of foreign bodies; and *ad interim* treatment then becomes necessary, and the advice of sympathizers abounds, one recommending that spirits of camphor be dropped into the ear, another urging the advantages of coal oil or chloroform, while still another brings his experience to bear on the case with a vial of carbolic acid solution or camphorated oil; should the neighboring druggist be consulted, even more vigorous measures may be advised. These, and the other substances usually put into the ear when it aches, are inadvisable. Generally speaking, ear ache is ameliorated by the application of warmth to the region of the ear, used either as dry heat in the shape of heated woollens, cotton-wool, bags of hops, bran, or meal, &c., or as wet applications, when the same articles recommended for use in the dry state are heated by immersion in hot water, and afterward wrung partially dry. In certain instances the suffering is relieved by pouring water, hot as can be borne, into the ear. Heated air or steam, where such conveniences are at hand, conveyed into the meatus, is found to be serviceable.

Should living insects gain admission to the ear, the organ is to be turned upward in a good light, the ear (auricle) gently pulled upward and backward until the opening is free, when the canal is to be filled with warm water poured from a spoon. The intruder will now either escape or be drowned. Foreign bodies, such as beads, cherry-pits, and other objects, when lodged in the ear,

should never be touched by incompetent hands. Where such objects give rise to pain, and can not be extracted by the fingers alone, they may be compelled to change their position, or even be driven out of the ear, by turning the ear downward, and gently but firmly shaking or jarring the head. It is certainly wiser and safer to permit these bodies to remain indefinitely than to run the risk of injury to the ear by unskilful efforts at removal. Instances are well authenticated where fatal results have ensued from injuries to the ear by attempts to remove simple objects, whose presence was not attended with danger or even pain. An examination, after death from the inflammation such violent attempts have induced, in more than one instance has demonstrated the fact that the ear contained no foreign body whatever.

Syringing the ears is not advisable, unless done by a person well trained, or by a competent surgeon, as much harm can be done by careless efforts in this direction. Water or soap for cleansing had best be entirely excluded from the ear, and the use of scoops and aurilanes, &c., is likewise inadvisable.

In certain anomalous conditions of the Eustachian tubes air is admitted too freely to the drum cavity. This is observable when blowing the nose, or even during the act of swallowing.

The forcible entrance of air into the drum cavity is liable to do injury to the ear, especially by unduly stretching the tympanic membrane. The inflation of the ear, therefore, should be avoided, unless practised under the direct supervision of one competent to determine the necessity for its use. The temporary stretching of the membrane is attended with temporary improvement in hearing, but a continuance of the practice in some diseased conditions of the membrane results in a permanent relaxation, which is irremediable.

When it becomes desirable to test the hearing power of an individual, it will sometimes be ascertained that one ear is much more defective than the other—a fact tending to show that deafness had been advancing longer than suspected, but that nevertheless one may get on fairly well with one good ear. It is when the better ear begins to fail that the deafness in a considerable number is ascertained.

Allusion has been made to testing the hearing. The best method for this purpose is the use of the human voice. Place the person to be examined at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the one who speaks, testing one ear while the other is closed by pressure of the finger. Words should be plainly spoken, while the patient is required to look away from the speaker. Five tones will be found to be a convenient number for use in testing; they are whispered words, and low, ordinary, loud, and shouted words. The deaf person should repeat the words heard.—*Harper's Monthly*.

CHICKENS A SOURCE OF WEALTH.—One of the secrets of the prosperity of the French people, and their ability to bear even the heaviest burdens without giving way under them, is the extraordinary thoroughness with which they cultivate their farms, vineyards and orchards, and the profits which they contrive to obtain from the smallest and seemingly insignificant products. We find a fresh exemplification of this in figures lately published in an exchange exhibiting the extent and profits of chicken-raising. There are in France about 40,000,000 hens, valued at \$20,000,000. One-fifth are marketed yearly for the table, bringing about \$4,000,000. The annual production of chickens is 80,000,000, worth in the city markets \$24,000,000, and \$2,000,000 are added for the extra value of capons and fatted hens. The production of eggs is estimated at 40,000,000, making the total value of eggs and chickens \$80,000,000, \$2.21 to every man, woman and child in France. The power to make much out of little, and to live frugally on small means, and with limited resources to fall back on, is the distinguishing trait of the French people, and one well worth emulating.—*Dutchess Farmer*.

LEMON-BUTTER TARTS.—One pound white sugar, whites of six eggs and yolks of two, grated rind and juice of three lemons; cook twenty minutes over a slow fire, stirring all the time. Line pans with puff paste, fill and bake.

THE CAVE OF PAN.

A TALE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

CHAP. VIII.—MIRIAM'S ILLNESS.

After meeting Pudens and his wife on the way from the cave service, Astyrius had often sought them out, and given them much help in the way of alms. When, therefore, the poor father burst into the garden he at once approached Astyrius with a piteous appeal for help.

"Noble senator!" cried he, throwing himself at the Roman's feet, "know you aught of leechcraft? Miriam is as one beside herself; she doth but shriek and rave that our little lad hath been taken from her; she cannot bear him out of her sight, yet seems terrified every time she beholds him."

"I will come with you at once," answered the Roman, greatly to the surprise of the three children, who knew nothing as yet of Christian charity, and were astonished at his readiness to be at the beck of a common man like Pudens. Astyrius only stayed long enough to run up and see Lucius, and explain the cause of his absence.

"Should I find, as I fear, that trouble has caused this illness with Miriam, and that quiet is needful, may I bring little Paul back with me?" he asked.

"Assuredly," said Lucius, eagerly: "my house is as your house; do I not owe to you even my very life? What can I do in return but hold all that is mine as yours?"

"Nay, as far as I am concerned, I also owe my life to you; it is for Christ's sake that I would ask an asylum for this poor child."

"And for His sake he shall have it," answered the Centurion; and, armed with this permission, Astyrius set forth. His road lay past the spot where, according to an ancient writer, stood the house of the woman whom our Lord had cured of the issue of blood. Over the doorway there still remained brazen figures of our Lord, with the woman kneeling at His feet, which were not destroyed till the reign of Julian the apostate. Astyrius scarcely glanced at this tablet, so full was his mind of the purpose of his visit; yet as they passed, remembering who it was who had worked this miracle, and that He is the Giver of life and health, he raised a prayer that his visit to Miriam might do good.

He found, as he feared, that she was on the verge of brain fever,

and for some time he had great difficulty in persuading her to allow him to remove the boy, whose presence evidently increased the evil. At length his suggestion that at the Centurion's house he would be carefully kept from the Pan temple, had the desired effect; Miriam became as anxious for the boy's departure as she had been opposed to it; so Astyrius took the child by the hand, and after advising Pudens to get some snow as soon as possible from the mountain and apply it with bandages to her head, and undertaking to pay for a woman to nurse Miriam, he led little Paul

"He is bewitched," answered the old woman, "and, for aught we can tell, may have the evil eye. I will go to my master and ask him if it is fitting the children should be together."

She hurried off as she spoke, and Astyrius did not attempt to prevent her, knowing that he was acting under Lucius' sanction. Turning to the children, he said,—

"You will not fear to do what you can for him, will you? Such as he is would the holy Jesus Himself have sought out and cared for."

But the children hung back. They had been used all their

for him," she said "We will all do our best."

CHAP. IX.—SLEEPING ON GUARD.

It was little Persis knew of the difficulty of the task she had undertaken. What with Veronica's dislike to the child, and the fact that she longed to thwart the Roman who, as she deemed, was drawing her nurslings away from the good old faith, and the effect this had upon the other servants or slaves, it was impossible to leave the boy at all alone with the household. Even Rufus and Julia were infected by the fear of "evil eye," as it was called, and at first kept carefully out of poor Paul's reach.

Paul himself proved a very naughty boy. On account of his mental weakness his parents had indulged him very much, not liking to be hard upon one so afflicted. But it was a great mistake: the boy would have been happier if taught to obey, and it would not have been so difficult to manage him now.

When the first novelty of seeing a new place and new faces had worn off, he was about to moan and cry for his mother, till, catching sight of the figure of Pan at the end of the garden, he began in his old fashion to throw stones at it, and imitate it.

Persis was quite alarmed lest the nurse should see him, knowing that it would increase her dislike to the poor child. At length she found a way to her troublesome guest's heart by giving him some sweetmeats, which so won him over that thenceforward he followed her like a dog. It was with great relief she saw Astyrius return. He had been out to make some arrangements for the lodging of this little waif, as he saw plainly that the present plan could only last a few hours. A worthy couple

had undertaken the charge of the child, whom, however, they could not receive till the following evening.

Astyrius therefore resolved to have the boy's mat placed in his room, and indeed no other arrangement would have been possible; so the night was got over comfortably enough, but fresh difficulties began with the fresh day.

Persis had tried to persuade her brother and sister to view the task given to them as a labor of love; with Rufus she was so far successful that he promised to be kinder to poor little Paul. Unfor-



"I WILL TRY AND DO WHAT I CAN FOR HIM."

toward Lucius' villa, as he well knew how much mischief his remaining would do to the mother. Great was the surprise of the three children when Astyrius brought this uncouth stranger amongst them, still greater was Veronica's anger. "Was a dirty beggar-child fit to associate with her master's children?" she asked impatiently.

"Nay, Veronica, the child is not dirty," said Astyrius mildly, for he felt how needful it was to win over the old nurse; "and if God has afflicted him, it becomes us the more to do what we can for him."

lives to believe their nurse's words, and now this belief fitted in especially with their fancy. Certainly little Paul was not a pleasant-looking child, especially as at this moment he stood scowling after Veronica, whose looks he had been quick enough to interpret.

But after the first moment of doubt, whilst Astyrius still stood silent, hoping they might be able to give this proof of love for Christ, and praying in his heart that it might be so, Persis, by a violent effort, came forward and took the poor child's hand.

"I will try to do what I can

unately, his conduct of the previous day had set the imbecile child against him, and though at length won by the sweetmeats, which Persis handed over to Rufus to give, he looked upon his new attendant with evident distrust.

It was a terribly hot day. the vine leaves hung drooping and faded, not a breeze crept up from the valley. Lucius had been helped out into a shady part of the garden toward the close of the afternoon, where Persis sat reading to him from a manuscript Gospel of St. John, a work of infinite value, the property of Astyrius. The senator himself had gone to Capernaum on business, and Marcus was busy.

The little stream which ran through the garden made a pleasant murmuring, and the humming of bees in the mulberries and quiet sound of Persis' voice made both the boys drowsy. Rufus forgot his charge to look after Paul and not to lose sight of him for a minute. He lay down idly on the grass, looking up through the vine-leaves at the cloudless blue sky above. The vine-leaves made a pleasant shade over his eyes. He lay for some time watching a bee which crawled along an extended tendril and crept into the carved ear of the Pan figure. "Was the bee telling its secrets to Pan?" he wondered. Then came a confused idea that it must be very uncomfortable for Pan, and whilst he was still wondering what the bee would find in the stony nook it was exploring, Rufus fell soundly asleep.

Paul lounged about, too, out was roused presently by a sound which came from the Pan temple; a chorus of men's and maidens' voices was borne on the calm air to the Centurion's garden; and Paul, creeping from his companion's side and looking beyond the garden, saw a group of Pan worshippers assembled within the white pillars.

Once again the strange impulse seized him to go to the Pan temple, and taking advantage of the general negligence he slipped forth unperceived from the cactus-bordered enclosure.

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The missionary Moffat tells a beautiful story. He says: In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from

water, though within sight of the river. When twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied: "I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can't speak the joy I feel at seeing you at this out-of-the-world place." On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul in entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn." I looked on the precious relic printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the Heavenly Father.—Selected

A REBUKE TO A SWEARER

A general officer, who was in early life much addicted to profane oaths, dated his reformation to the memorable check he received from a Scotch clergyman. When he was lieutenant, and settled at Newcastle, he got involved in a brawl with some of the lowest class in the public street, and the altercation was carried on by both parties with abundance of impious language. The clergyman, passing by, was shocked with the profanity, and stepping into the crowd with his cane uplifted, thus addressed one of the leaders of the rabble: "Oh, John, John! what is this I hear? you only a poor collier boy, and swearing like any lord in the land! Oh, John! have you no fear of what will become of you? It may do very well for this gallant gentleman (pointing to the lieutenant) to bang and swear as he pleases; but you—you, John, it is not for you, or the like of you, to take in vain the name of Him in whom you live and have your being!" Then turning to the lieutenant, "You'll

excuse the poor man, sir, for he is an ignorant body, and kens nae better." The young officer shrank away in confusion, unable to make any reply. Next day he waited on the minister, and thanked him sincerely for his well-timed reproof, and was ever after an example of correctness of language.—Selected.

"WET THE ROPES!"

In the city of Rome there stands a pillar, which for many long years was lying almost buried in the earth. Princes had tried to raise it, but in vain. No workmen could do it. In the year 1584 the Pope of that time sent for a builder to make one more trial. It was no easy matter to free the great pillar from the deep soil in which it was sunk, and then to drag so huge a size and weight of stone to the place where it was to stand. When this was done, Fontana, the builder, asked the Pope to fix a day for raising it. The Pope did so, and said he would be there with all his court, and that this would bring out all the people of the city.

"That is what I have to dread," said Fontana; "for if they shout and make a noise, it may startle some of the men in the midst of their work, and my voice will not be heard."

"Never fear," said the Pope: "I will take care of that."

He wrote an edict, which means law for the time, to make it known that any one should be put to death who dared to utter a sound while the work of raising the great pillar went on. This edict was posted up all over the city.

On the day fixed Fontana mounted the high scaffold, from which he was to direct the men by means of bells and flags as signals. The whole space of a wide square was full of people; it seemed to be paved with heads, all still as death, and as if spell-bound. At last the signal was given, and the pillar began to rise. Cables and ropes strained and creaked. Up slowly rose the giant block of stone. Fontana waved his flag, the Pope leaned forward, the people held their breath—one moment more, and the work would be done! All at once a crack was heard. The heavy mass would not move again, and soon it began to sink, for the ropes did not bear upon it. Fontana was at a loss, with a sense of despair in his soul; but a shout was heard from amidst the crowd, "Water! water! wet the ropes!" This was soon done, the slack hempen rope shrank back tight to its place—once more each man bent down for a last pull with right good will. The pillar was set up for the gaze of the world then, and for ages yet to come. He who spoke the word in season was a poor sailor, who

had long known the use of ropes made of hemp; and in spite of his good service he was taken and brought bound before the Pope, and all men stood in fear for his life, as the law had been broken. Fortunately, the Pope was not then in a cruel mood, and instead of punishing the man he gave him a reward.—Sunday.

DOG PURVIS.

The sum of four pounds has lately been handed over to the Glasgow Infirmary from "The Dog Purvis." He, a brown retriever of great intelligence, has honestly collected the money for the sick in his native town. He has always been a very clever dog; he can fetch coals, shut the door, pull the bell, and brush boots with his paws, but only lately has he taken to work for charity. Pennies he was always apt at begging from customers at his master's stores. In his young and thoughtless days these pennies went straight to the baker's shop, and came out again in the shape of buns and cakes in Purvis's mouth.

After a while, however, it occurred to his master that the money might be better spent, so he consulted with Purvis, and it ended in the purchase of a money-box with a slit in the lid. Then Purvis went to work more busily than ever, his cause was so good he had no scruple in thrusting his nose into one purchaser's pocket in search of coppers, or noisily demanding alms from another. Into the money-box went all his earnings or beggings with a sounding clink, delightful to dog and man. No one could refuse so intelligent and benevolent a beggar. The contents of the box swelled at last to the considerable sum of four pounds, which has been conveyed to the Hospital amid general acclamation.

THE RESURRECTION.

A child had been playing with some broken toys, and asked that they should be mended. Suddenly leaving them she leant on her mother's knee, and, looking up with eyes full of thought, said—

"Mother, shall I be broken some day?"

"Yes, darling," was the half-tearful reply, as the mother seemed to see in the future the hand of death touching the treasure, and hushing her to rest.

"But if I try to be very good, will not the kind Jesus mend me again?"

"Yes, indeed He will, my pet."

The child, quite content, returned to her game, and the mother sat thinking how, in her infantile language, she had most beautifully expressed death and the resurrection.

"GOVERN the lips as they were palace doors, the king within. Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words."



The Family Circle.

TRUE LOVE.

"How much I love you, mother dear!"
A little prattler said;
"I love you in the morning bright,
And when I go to bed."

"I love you when I'm near to you,
And when I'm far away;
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play."

And then she shyly, sweetly raised
Her lovely eyes of blue,
"I love you when you love me best,
And when you would me too."

The mother kissed her darling child,
And stooped a knee to bid;
"My precious one, I love you most,
When I am forced to chide."

"I could not let my darling child
In sin and folly go;
And this is why I sometimes chide—
Because I love you so."

—Selected.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

Katy Brooks was the child of a minister whose failing health had made it necessary for him to visit a warmer climate. His wife accompanied him, while Katy went to live with her Uncle Arthur in Washington.

One pleasant evening during her stay, Katy and her uncle took a stroll after dinner. They were in the habit of doing so, for they took great delight in each other's society, and would linger hand in hand in the walks of the many beautiful parks which adorn the city.

On the evening of which I write, the uncle and niece were returning from one of those delightful rambles. As they drew near home, they passed their own church, from which the sound of singing was issuing.

"What is going on to-night, Katy?" asked Mr. Raymond, stopping to listen.

"A prayer-meeting, I believe," she answered. "Hark!" The strains of the well-known hymn, "I know that my Redeemer lives," floated out on the evening air, sung by many earnest voices.

"Let us go in, uncle, do," pleaded the eager child.

Mr. Raymond hesitated. It was many years since he had attended a gathering of this kind, and memories of the far-off past rose in his mind. But, who can resist the gentle persuasiveness of a child's soft hand? Not Mr. Raymond, surely, when the hand is that of his beloved niece. He followed where she led, and they entered and seated themselves quietly near the door, in order not to disturb the exercises.

Soon there was a little commotion near them, and a good man who believed in the command,

"In the highways and hedges
Go seek for the lost,"

entered, followed by six roughly dressed, unkempt men.

At the noise made by their heavy boots, many well-to-do persons shrugged their shoulders, and whispered to their neighbors, "Brother Hayward is a good man, but I do not believe in his bringing the scum of the city among us."

When quiet was restored, Mr. Hayward addressed the meeting, and said that he had found these poor souls roaming the streets, ready to become the prey of any temptation which might offer itself; they were about to enter a drinking den, when he accosted them, and after much pleading he prevailed upon them to accompany him to the prayer-meeting.

"And now," he concluded, "I want you to tell these poor hungry souls that Jesus died for them as well as for us, that they have only to ask and they shall receive."

Earnest were the prayers that followed, simple and eloquent were the short addresses in which the goodness, pity and love of the Saviour were portrayed. The strangers listened with interest and even emotion,

and at their close one of the ragged, uncouth fellows rose and said: "I haven't been in a church before for twenty years. I'm going down to the fishing-grounds to-morrow, and don't come back until fall. We are rough down there; we swear, and sometimes we fight. I shall not hear any praying again for a long time. I should like to be good. I had a mother once who prayed and read the Bible, but she is dead, and I haven't any one to care whether I do right or wrong. I'm obliged to you all, and I will try to do better. I hope you will sometimes pray for such as I."

Katy had been intensely interested in the man, and when he sat down she seemed expectant of some response to his words. But the closing hymn was sung, and all prepared to leave.

"Come, Kitty," said Mr. Raymond; "aren't you ready to go?"

"Isn't any one going to speak to that poor man? Papa would have shaken hands with him, and encouraged him. It is too bad! I am afraid he will be sad again," almost sobbed the excited child. "Can't you speak to him, Uncle Arthur?"

"Why, my dear, I am afraid I should be but a poor preacher."

"Then I must speak to him," said the child, moved by an impulse she could not resist.

"Come with me, uncle, please." They made their way up to Mr. Hayward, to whom Katy said, "I want to speak to the man who said he would try to do better."

Mr. Hayward took her to him; and she, following the habit of her good father, held out her little hand to the man, and said gently, "I am so glad that you are going to try to be good. Please don't swear or fight in the rough place that you told about."

The man looked at her in amazement. In her white dress, with her flowing golden hair, she seemed to him a spirit. He could not reply at once. "Have you a Bible?" continued the soft, sweet voice. "No, miss."

By chance Katy had her own little Bible in her pocket. "Here, take this one, and promise me that you will read it."

The pleading upturned face was not to be resisted. "I'm not used at reading, miss, but I'll pick out a little to please you."

"Thank you, I shall pray for you, and when you come back you must come and see me, and tell me how you have got along."

Uncle, please write our number in the book. And now good-by; I know you will do your best."

The tears stood in the man's eyes as he gazed the little hand that held the book, and he stood looking after the child, so she flitted away by her uncle's side, as if he were gazing at an angel, who had descended to earth for a little while, and would soon soar upward again. Mr. Raymond had also shaken hands with him, and had left some money in his palm, saying to him so, "I'll be yourself something comfortable with it."

Do as the child says, and all will be well. He put the little Bible carefully away in his breast pocket, and went silently and thoughtfully away with his comrades. Contrary to his usual habit, he did not spend the money for drink, but put it away for some future necessity.

Weeks and months had gone by in their ceaseless round. Spring had been followed by summer, and that in turn by autumn. October found Katy Brooks still an inmate of her uncle's house, endeared to them by her gentle, loving ways.

One evening the servant entered the sitting-room where the family were gathered, and said that there was a man in the hall to see Miss Katy.

She tripped away, and, going into the hall, saw a decently dressed man awaiting her appearance.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked, as she looked on.

"No," Katy replied. "Not just yet." He took a little worn book from his pocket, and when Katy saw that it was her own little Bible, she looked again at his face, and exclaimed: "I remember you now; you are the fisherman. How do you do? Have you read my Bible? Have you tried to be good?" I am so glad to see you!" Pouring out these eager words, she took him by the hand and led him to the library, where she asked him to tell her the history of the months which had passed since the memorable evening of the prayer-meeting.

We went down the river the next morning, miss, and commenced work at once. We were very busy from early in the morning until late at night dragging the nets, but I

thought of my promise to you, and tried to spell out a bit in the little book every night before I turned in. The boys laughed and joked about me awful, but I most generally managed to pick out a little."

"I am so glad," said the child. "And did the words comfort you?"

"That they did, miss." Some of the verses were marked, and that made them easier to find. So I soon had some that became precious indeed to me."

"What were they? I think I know some of them. My papa marked them for me."

"Yes, miss. There was one, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' You see I learnt it by heart, for it seemed to mean my, for my work was hard, and at night I was tired; and when I read that 'the kingdom of heaven is like a little child,' I thought of you, miss."

"Oh! thank you. And did you try not to swear?"

"It was hard, miss; but I did my best, as I said I would."

"Did you read the Bible to any of the men?"

"I read a little of it to my mate sometimes; but he used to laugh at it, and say it would do for old women, he didn't want any of it. But one day he fell sick, and the doctor said he must die. Poor Jerry didn't say much, he kinder groaned and turned over. But after the doctor had gone, as I was doing what I could to make him easy like, he called softly, 'Tom!'—'Tom is my name, miss, Tom Waters.' 'What?' says I. 'Have you got the little girl who gave you?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Read a bit, Tom,' says he. 'So, miss, I read as well as I could about the masons on high, and Jesus' love, and other things that I knew him to find, and miss, it seemed like he couldn't hear enough.'"

"And did he die?" asked the child, who had listened to the recital with clasped hands and lated breath.

"Yes, miss, he died, poor Jerry! He often begged to hold the book, and at the last he kissed it, and said, 'Be merciful to me, a sinner.' The man drew a cotton handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his eyes. Katy's tears were falling fast.

"You have changed very much since I saw you, Mr. Waters," said Katy, after a pause.

"Yes, miss," he replied as before; "I left off drinking, and after Jerry died I left the fishing and worked on a farm. I saved my money and got these clothes, so I don't need your help now. I don't know me, I'm out of work, and came up here to find something to do. You wanted me to come and see you, and I wanted to. I wanted to thank you for your kind words. And Jerry he wanted me to say 'thank you' for him. So now my errand's done, and I'll best be going."

"Oh no! Don't go yet. I want my uncle to see you. He was interested in you, and perhaps he can find you some work."

"Thank you, miss; I don't want to trouble the gentleman. He spoke kind to me, and gave me some money."

"So Mr. Raymond was called in to see the reformed, converted man, and talked with him in his usual kind and friendly way. He did more than this. He took Thomas Waters into his employ, and found him a useful and worthy assistant. He kept the little Bible as one of his most precious possessions, even as he kept the memory of the giver enshrined in his heart. His wife and children learned to call her blessed, and she was ever a welcome visitor in their modest dwelling."

Thus did the little seed sown by a child in apparently barren soil bring forth abundant fruit for the harvest.—S. S. Times.

GIVE.

BY MRS. ADA C. CHAPLIN.

Mr. Rathbun closed his door forcibly, emphasized the act by a decided pressure of his foot on the lower panel, bolted it and sank back in his office-chair with something like a growl. The occasion of this move-ment was not a mad dog or a highwayman, no, not even a tramp, or a lightning-bolt, but a very mild-eyed, white-haired man, who passed, quietly by the office-window of the factory as if wholly unconscious of Mr. Rathbun's existence.

There was a sigh of relief, followed by a slight scowl.

"Only a postponement after all. I shall meet him in the street. There's no escape

for me unless I keep a body-guard. Home Missions, Foreign Missions, new school-houses, sick widows, Sunday-school libraries, Children's Aid Societies, picnics, church repairs, beset my path like a pack of wolves, and I must either lie down and let them devour me, or else buy a six-shooter and keep them all at bay. I've no idea where all the money goes, and I've no time to find out. And the worst of it is that when I do give they are never thankful, but always look as if they thought I might have done more. Why, if I were to do for these money-suckers all they think I ought, my family would suffer."

Now, this last sentence was the solitary true one in the whole story. Mr. Rathbun was acting-agent for the Millville Woolen Factory. The owner, being non-resident, had intrusted to him heavy responsibilities, and his salary was good. But he had a young family, and his expenses were heavy. He never drank nor smoked. He was never extravagant in dress. He was considerate as an employer, and, notwithstanding his harsh speech, courteous to all, not excepting the solicitors of contributions. Five had visited him for various objects that day. Four had received a small contribution each, and as neither knew of the appeals of the others, had looked surprised that the sum was not larger. Their looks haunted him, so that the fifth received a quiet "No." He retired without even a thank, and that haunted Mr. Rathbun most of all.

The next morning, bright and cheerful, Mr. Rathbun entered the factory. At the door stood two horses.

"I believe there's something due me for extra teaming," said the driver.

"Certainly; come right into the office," Mr. Rathbun passed on.

"We must order more wool, I suppose," remarked one of the superintendents; "and by the way, Kennet says there's a flaw in the main belt in the card-room."

Mr. Rathbun looked up surprised.

"Will you come and see it?"

"No; I would trust Kennet's judgment as soon as my own. Tell him to mark down exactly what is wanted, and I will order it."

As Mr. Rathbun entered the office, the book-keeper accosted him with, "We must have a new set of books next month."

Mr. Rathbun glanced at the well-filled ledger, and his cheerful look brightened to a smile.

"And Standish says you should order timber for boxes in double the quantity," added the book-keeper. "So far we've ordered just the same as when we were doing only half the business."

It was the joy and pride of Mr. Rathbun's life, as agent, that the factory was doing double the business it did five years before, and therefore, payments for supplies of every sort must be twice as frequent or twice as large.

"Scroggins says the underpinning of the dye-house needs attention," met Mr. Rathbun as he left the office, after giving the necessary orders to the book-keeper.

"Tell him—no, I'll examine it myself. I wouldn't risk anything for a good deal, but I can't trust Scroggins' observations," and Mr. Rathbun went to the dye-house.

Still sunny and cheerful, he passed from room to room. Everywhere his presence was an inspiration. It was not from lips of flesh alone that demand for money came; there were wooden and iron speakers wherever the sweat and tear of the rapidly growing business had left marks, and each demand, whether silent or spoken, was recorded in his memorandum.

The last was for a new coat of paint for one of the buildings, and that was pleasantly refused.

"I would like it, but I am not sure we can afford it now. I will consult the owner."

This was spoken as he left the factory for the depot, where he welcomed Clarence Markham, owner of his and half a dozen other of the Millville factories. They walked together to the office.

"By the way, I'll take what money you have on hand," said the owner. "I've a little matter to settle to-night," and Mr. Rathbun paid the money, rather glad to be relieved of it, and that as Mr. Markham left the office, very gently closed the door.

Squeak, squeak. It certainly did sound as if the hinges squeaked, "Give, give," and Mr. Rathbun understood it so.

"I must send for oil," he said, and took out his memorandum.

With it he took out his pocket Testament, and with a sudden tenderness as he remembered of whose business this was a memorandum-book, he opened it.

"Ye are not your own,"

"No," he said, thoughtfully and thankfully. "I have an owner; I am glad of that."

"Moreover, it is required of stewards that a man be found faithful."

"Whosoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men."

As he read those words there arose before him the vision of the solicitors of contributions, as one after another, they had passed before him. "As unto the Lord," had he thought of that?

"I will think of it," he said, and opened his memorandum, but from its pages spoke the same voice that had spoken from the Testament.

"Christ is owner of this great world factory where you are at work, is He not?" it said.

"Yes," was the joyful reply.

"Does all you have belong to Him?"

"Yes, for I am His."

"You did not growl when asked to pay out Mr. Markham's money for his factory expenses?"

"No."

"And if Christ wants some of His money for His factory expenses?"

"I would give it gladly to Him, but these agents!"

"As unto the Lord and not to men."

The voice was low and tender this time. It did not seem quite like the voice of conscience.

"You did not complain of the demands for wood and freight and boxes and oil because they came through others. You trusted Kennet's investigation into the belting, but bettermen than he have investigated the demands of the Freedmen. Can you not trust Scroggins, you examined his demand papers, you dared not risk letting even his demand pass unnoticed. It is well you did not; but are you not running a greater risk in refusing to enquire about that destitute family?"

What if He should say, "Ye heard of me hungry, and fed me not, because you had no time to enquire?" And you were glad, I think, that the demand for boxes was doubled by the increasing business. Are you glad that the great in-gathering from the Foreign Mission field this year has doubled the demand for laborers and for money?

You were not contented with merely listening to the solicitors in your factory. You went from room to room looking for chances to spend your master's money. Are you looking for places where repairs are needed?

Christ's great work?"

"No, but I wish Mr. Rathbun answered, in a voice so gentle that no one could have dreamed it the same with that which spoke in the office the evening before. "I do thank thee, my Master, that thou hast revealed this to me before it is too late."

And very humbly, very peacefully, he went out from the office to look up the white-haired old man who had passed his window the day before. He did not think whether his contribution was thankfully received. He had not expected thanks from those who reported the needs of the woollen factory. It was rather his place to thank them, and he did thank the old man now.

And as once more there passed in vision before him the faces of the "money-suckers" he had encountered the day before, they looked very lovely to him, much lovelier than his own.

"I shall welcome them all in future," he said, "for if I cannot do what they think I should, I can do what He thinks I should, and it is as 'unto the Lord and not to men.'"

—Watchman.

HARD DATES AND EASY DATES.

BY MRS. J. E. McDONALD.

Philip shut his history with a bang, declaring it of "no use trying to remember these old dates." He wished he could give it up.

"Other boys have mastered it," said grandfather. "I suppose you will not admit but what you have average talent."

"But some boys have a peculiar talent in this direction," said Philip. "I can remember the incidents pretty well, but when they happened beats me. John Reed never misses a date. He has a remarkable memory."

Just then little Harry came into the room to see if grandpa wished a morning paper, and the old gentleman handed him out the change to buy one.

"Just let me look at that copper, Harry, if you please," said Philip, with sudden interest. "Good—1805; maybe I can make something out of that. Here is another in place of it," and he dropped the old copper into his pocket.

"Did you ever make anything out of your coins, Phil?" asked grandfather, rubbing his glasses.

"Yes, sir, I said a bright, clearly-stamped copper of 1809 for fifty cents one day at a place I know in Fourth street. I am on the lookout for cents of 1793, 1799 and 1804. I can get from one dollar to ten for them, according to their fineness. I wish, grandpa, you would be so kind as to let me look over any old coppers or old silver coins you get in change, before you pass them off. Especially anything with the date of 1804 on it. There are only twelve silver dollars out of that date. Collectors will give a thousand dollars for one. In fact there were very little coming done in that year, and none at all in 1815. I could get five dollars for a good half cent of 1796, and those of 1793 are worth half a dollar."

"What a memory for dates you have, Philip!" said grandfather. "I couldn't begin to remember these things as you do."

"Oh, yes, you could, grandfather," said Philip, smiling, though he felt a little "caught" if you had the same interest in them that I have."

"Maybe that is so," said grandfather. "Taking an interest in anything does make a difference, whether it is in studies or anything else. Now if you could only get up a little sentiment in favor of history, wouldn't it help along some?"

"Oh, history dates are very different."

"You mean the interest you take in them is very different. You have proved to me very conclusively that you have a good talent for remembering dates, so there is no slightest difficulty on that score. Suppose you put the identical determination to remember into your history dates and see if you do not stick in your memory? The very fact of having conquered will be worth more to you than one of those high-priced old dollars of—"

"1804," suggested Philip.

"Yes, my boy, learning to make a point instead of being beaten by it is a fortune in itself, to any school boy. Half study and half effort of any kind are what fills the world with incapables; such an army of them in every walk in life."

Throw your whole power into anything that is to be done, and conquer it. To make the matter practical, I will tackle that history with a new zeal and fix one date after another until all in the lesson were fast. How often until all in the lesson were fast. How often until all in the lesson were fast."

"About ten," said Philip, turning the leaves, "and you will see, grandfather, that I'll have those before school time," and he did.

DO IT NOW!

BY A. F. R.

"Did you know that Miss Ellie died last week?" asked a lady of her friend Mrs. Dean.

"Miss Ellie dead! Are you sure? Oh how I wish I had written that letter!"

"Yes, she died last Friday. You know she had been an invalid for a long time."

"Well, she is at rest, dear soul, and I do not doubt that she is happy when the long-expected summons came—but I shall regret all my life that I did not write her that letter I intended writing."

"What letter, Mrs. Dean? Please explain."

"Only this—months ago she sent me a book, accompanied with a sweet little note. I meant to have answered the note at once. There were many things I wished to say, for she was very dear to me, and I was not able to visit her. You know my own health has been so impaired and I have really had little time or strength for letter writing, but I wanted so much to write to her, and now it is too late, for ever. The hardest part of it is that I know she expected a letter from me, and I think I disappointed her! Such a little thing as it would have been for me to do! I can never forgive myself."

Mrs. Dean is like the rest of us. She

only neglected doing a little kindness to a friend—or rather she delayed doing it—until it was too late.

Perhaps you can think of some loved one who has long been anxiously waiting for a letter from you. Your mother, my dear young friend. Of course you intend to write to her as soon as you can find time. But you are so busy all day long, and your evenings are so full of social engagements, which you cannot break—and so the weeks pass and the letter is not written. Your mother is old now. The form that once wrote so straight is bent, the eyes that once watched your young footstep are very dim, the hair that was dark and glossy is fast turning to silver, but the mother-heart is the same. Some day an unexpected message will come to you, perhaps a telegram will be given you at your place of business, or the yellow envelope may be slipped into your hand just as you are starting out for a pleasant evening in congenial company. Only a few words in the message—"Your mother is dead"—but the world will grow very dark to you for a time, and your heart will ache with unavailing regret that you neglected writing to the mother who loved you so fondly, and who longed for frequent news from her child. You will think if she could only come back you would do so differently in the future. But it will be too late.

Too late as far as your mother is concerned. But you have other friends who have claims upon you. They expect kindly interest, friendly recognition, or even words of commendation. You intend some time to see them, and you have promised things in your heart to say to them. Don't put it off too long. Life is uncertain. Do not keep all the good things you mean to say to your friend hid in your heart till he is dead. It is easier to praise the dead, but your friend would have been wonderfully helped along his way if you had only spoken while he could yet hear what you had to say. There are plenty of people, all around you, waiting for appreciation and sympathy—perhaps some intend, when you have time, to be both appreciative and sympathetic. Take time at once. If we could only remember that

"Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

★ WORD ABOUT ACCURACY.

How few people are really accurate in their statements of ordinary facts. To be exactly truthful is a rare quality. It is so easy to say, "Why, you never saw such an awkward creature! he fell half a dozen times in as many minutes," when the sober truth is that he only fell once and stumbled over.

But then, the bare truth would have spoiled the story, and not have raised the laugh that the misstatement produced.

So we get in the habit of altering things a little to make them more amusing or more interesting, until we are hardly conscious of our own wrong-doing, and yet we would be very angry if any one should accuse us of not being strictly truthful. Some years ago we knew a young lady whose scrupulous veracity on all occasions was really remarkable. We asked her one day how she had been able to free herself from so prevalent a fault. Her answer was: "I have long made it a rule to stop myself in the middle of a sentence, if I find I am exaggerating, the least, and begin it over again; and this method of self-reproof has made me careful."

While we do not recommend this discipline to all, we should be glad if our country's carelessness of speech was widely imitated.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

NOMINAL CHRISTIANS.

Amid all the never-ending attacks on the Christian religion on the ground of the weakness and failure of some of its nominal confessors and defenders, one never hears it said that these failures come because of too close a following, or too accurate a reproduction, of the principles of Christ.

As a recent writer says, the world misjudges Christianity because it insists on looking at churches which caricature it or individuals who falsely illustrate it; but Christianity would be seen as it is, if only New Testament precepts were reproduced in human character. If every nominal Christian in the world were utterly debased and unworthy of his name, nothing would be proved against the excel-

lence of the Christian religion itself. Every one who seeks to excuse his own neglect of religion by dwelling on others' misdeeds of it, should ask himself whether he really believes that Jesus Christ was a bad man, who put forth a detestable and ruinous system of faith and practice. Until one is ready to say this, his criticisms are no more pertinent than would be the charge—to borrow a clever illustration from the London Church Times—that a downfallen Good Templar, suffering from delirium tremens, owed his illness to total abstinence.—*S. S. Times*.

Question Corner.—No. 15.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Emma Knowlton Messenger. It is not necessary to write the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

169. What king made two golden calves for "people to worship?"
170. What lands were employed as messengers of mercy and to whom were they sent?
171. Where are we told that "God loveth a cheerful giver?"
172. Who once kept back part of what they had devoted to the cause of God?
173. With what tribe did the Israelites first engage in battle when they came out of Egypt?
174. How did the Israelites obtain the victory?
175. Who entertained angels unwares?
176. Who carried a little coat to her son every year and where did this son live?
177. Unto whom did God say, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward?"
178. Who were the Apostles to the Gentiles?
179. Which of the apostles beheld the transfiguration?
180. On what two other occasions were these apostles chosen to be with him?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. First name a woman whose heroic faith Saved all her kindred from impending death.
2. A proposition next proceed to find, Two words of gracious invitation joined.
3. Who judged God's people three-and-twenty years?
4. Who Abraham's brother's first born son appears?

The final letters form the name of one Who was that first heroic woman's son?

The initials give his name (his willing bride) Who was to her near kinsman first allied.

Both bride and mother came of heathen race, Yet both were honored with special grace.

From them not kings alone may trace their birth, But one far greater than the kings of earth.

When God vouchsafed to take our mortal frame, Him as their child may both these women claim.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

145. Seventeen years old, Gen. xxviii. 2.
146. Psalm xxii. 1.
147. The jaw-bone used by Samson, Judges xv. 15, 19.
148. He stopped the upper water course of the Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David, 2 Chron. xxxii. 30.
149. Paul, Romans xv. 24, 28.
150. Peter, Acts v. 15.
151. Tentmaking, Acts xviii. 3.
152. Peter, Malchus, the servant of the High Priest, John xviii. 10.
153. Mercurius, by the heathen at Lystria, Acts xiv. 12.
154. Terah, Gen. x. 31.
155. Gamaliel, Acts xxii.
156. The Syrian Army at Dothan, 2 Kings vi. 18.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Sub-mission.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 15.—C. Redmond, 11.
To No. 12.—C. Redmond, 3; Archie McDonald, 9; Jas. T. Hattery, 12; Cora M. McIntyre, 12; Maggie Sutherland, 10.

